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Christian Warrior, *u*

Or, SATAN DEFEATED.

A lively Emblem of our SAVIOUR'S Love to a penitent Sinner, in a pleasing Dialogue between our Great REDEEMER, a Young Man, and Satan the Deceiver.

S H E W I N G,

The happy Effects of remembering our CREATOR in the Days of our Youth. Also, the great Reward for those who honour and obey their Parents.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

Some serious and affecting Thoughts on Death and Judgment.

The Whole adapted as a proper Present from Relations and Parents to their Children, and worthy the Perusal of those of riper Years.

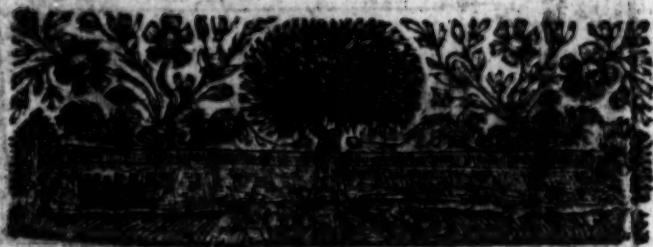
PRICE ONE PENNY.

CHRISTIAN READER.

This Little Book being published for the Benefit of a Small Family, if not approved of for the small Price of ONE PENNY, be pleased to keep it clean, and return it when called for.



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Satan Defeated, &c.

A YOUNG man having for some time lived a very wicked and dissolute life, at length God was pleased of his mercy and goodness to open the eyes of his understanding, and let him perceive the great danger his soul was in by sin; whereupon he resolves to forsake his evil courses, and fly to a sincere repentance, which Satan, the grand deceiver of mankind, soon perceiving, he resolved by cunning insinuations, and false enticements, to delude him from his holy purposes, and make him still follow his old course of life; in order to which, he thus begins to discourse with the young man:



S A T A N.

Whither away, young man, pray let me know,
That you and I may like companions go?
Walk not so fast, but keep your pace with me,
And I'll safe conduct you to felicity.

Y O U N G M A N.

My meaning, sir, to you I'll plainly tell,
I want to shun the path that leads to hell,
For my desire is to come to heaven at last,
And that's the reason, sir, I go on so fast.

S A T A N.

Heaven! young man, O that's all a mere tale,
There's a thousands search after it, but ne'er prevail;
Besides, if such a place there is, of which there's doubt,
Tis time enough for you, young man, to find it out.

(5)

Y O U N G M A N.

O sir, there's nothing like the present time,
I must remember God while in my prime;
For swift as a shuttle doth my hours pass,
And who knows but the next may be my last;
And if death should snatch my soul in sin,
It would be better if born I ne'er had been;
Therefore God's righteous laws I will pursue,
I can't give ear to such as you;
My soul's to heaven bound, I cannot stay,
So, with God's assistance, I'll keep on my way.

S A T A N.

The way there, young man, is full of snares,
Tis a road that's full of sorrows, sighs, and tears,
Sweet youth, your journey will be all in vain,
If you pursue that dangerous narrow lane,
With thorns and swamps the path's in wretched plight,
Besides there's ghosts and spectres which will you affright,
So leave that rugged road, and cleave to this,
Which is open, broad, and full of bliss,
For all you can think of for to please your mind,
Riches or pleasure as you are inclin'd,
For, as I am able, I can furnish thee
With whate'er you wish, for nothing shall wanting be,
All that the world it can afford
You shall possess, but only own me for thy lord.

Y O U N G M A N.

Tempter away, for now I well do know
You are not my friend, but an eternal foe,
Thy gilded baits and snares are all in vain,
And God against them all will me sustain.

For if Lord of all the world you could me make,
 One step out of this road I will not take,
 Therefore away, Satan, and be gone from me,
 I'll stop my ears, and up to heaven flee.

S A T A N.

Poor sinful youth, thy folly now appears,
 For I well do know you have liv'd in sin some years,
 Thousands of crimes against both God and man,
 As witness they against thy soul will stand.
 For instance, crimes I will before you lay,
 How oft have you profan'd the sabbath day,
 In which thy pleasures was thy chiefest care,
 And the church of God you scarcely did come near,
 Swearing, cursing, drunkenness, and pride,
 Whoredom, lying, and what was worse beside,
 Unto your parents you was a rebellious son.
 In short, you've God's commands broke ev'ry one.
 So how can you pretend to look him in the face,
 When you've thus abus'd his goodness and his grace?

Y O U N G M A N.

All this and more is true that you have told,
 Though but young in years in sin I'm old,
 But by sincere repentance from my heart,
 I know that I in heaven shall have a part,
 I've pray'd and wept, and pray'd at large,
 That God, thro' mercy, would my sins discharge,
 And by the precious blood of Christ, his Son,
 Cleanse me from all the evil that I've done,
 So by faith I will hold fast the way I'm in,
 And then I'm sure the heavenly prize to win.

Satan.

'Tis in vain to pray, or yet for mercy call,
 For God no such wretches will hear at all,
 For all thy life my servant you have been,
 As by thy words and works is plainly seen;
 Besides, before him I will thee accuse,
 Tell him how oft thou didst him sore abuse;
 Yes, sir, your faults to him I'll tell,
 You shall not escape the punishment of hell,
 For in burning brimstone you shall always fry,
 In sulphurous flames to all eternity;
 Therefore you had better hearken to my voice,
 And take my word and counsel for your choice,
 For if you persist I'll thine in pieces sever,
 And there is none that can thy soul deliver.

YOUNG MAN.

Father of all lies, I do thy threats defy,
 I'll put my trust in him that cannot lie,
 I will not hearken to thy cursed voice,
 Nor in thy counsel make my choice,
 But in prayers to my dear Saviour will fly,
 And you shall see he will not my prayers deny.





The Young Man's Prayer.

BEHOLD, O God! in rivers of my tears,
 I come to thee, bow down thy blessed ears,
 To hear a wretch; O! thou whose eyes to sleep
 Did never close, behold a sinner weep;
 A wicked rebel I have been all my days,
 Erring and straying from thy most righteous ways,
 All sins I have pursued without controul,
 And never minded my immortal soul;
 Satan with snares he strongly me assails,
 O blest Redeemer, let him not o'er me prevail;
 And Lord, speak peace unto my wounded heart,
 And let the tempter now from me depart.
 Merciful Saviour, hearken to my cry,
 Save thou the soul, and let the body die.

Pardon, dear Saviour, thy love to me incline,
 Let thy bright beams of grace and mercy shine:
 This my petition, Lord, do not deny,
 That I may live with thee eternally.



Our Saviour's Answer to the Young Man.

CHEER up, dear soul, let not thy spirits faint,
 Thy God both hears and answers thy complaint,
 For thy repenting cries have reach'd my ear,
 And I have reconcil'd thee to my father dear;
 So hold fast thy faith and still believe in me,
 And then thou Satan's conqueror shall be;
 I am thy Saviour, and I will thee sustain,
 Thy penitential tears are not in vain.

My love to thee I freely will reveal,
 And in thy soul my blessings seal,
 With joy thy pardon now receive,
 You after death with me shall live
 In heavenly mansions, where there's before
 Rivers of pleasure flowing for evermore.



NOW like this youth, O Christian fly
 Unto the Lord in time, why will ye die?
 Strive the Devil's temptations to withstand,
 And pray to God for his assisting hand,
 He will mercy shew to those who on him call.
 So let this emblem be a pattern to you all.

Serious Thoughts on Death and Judgment.

BY this lively emblem you may know
How thro' this life we ought to go,
To guard ourselves, how to beware
Of those artful guiles of Satan's snare.

Good parent's counsel take I pray,
And strive to walk in wisdom's way,
For those that early seek the Lord,
Eternal life is their great reward.

If eternal life you would pursue,
Obey your parents with all honour due,
Be you to all men just and kind,
And bear no hatred in your mind.

Call on the Lord both night and day,
And drive your crying sins away,
O think upon a future state,
And not repent when tis too late.

Each day we hear of some accident,
Which a eas tokens to others sent,
Some taken as they sit at meat,
And others drop down dead in the street.

The blessed scripture does display,
A great and awful judgment day,
Think what terrors then there will be hūd'd,
When the Lord he comes to judge the world.

When the archangels they shall sound,
The dead must rise from under ground,
Hills and mountains will flee away,
At the presence of the Judge that day,

The sky will roll up like a scroll,
And terror strike each guilty soul,
The sea in dreadful sort will roar,
And rend the rocks upon the shore.

For the deeds we in this life have done,
We must after death to judgment come,
So repent with speed, make no delay,
No one can tell how soon may come the day.

All you that now have heard these lines,
Serve God, and bear him in your minds,
Sound this alarm often in thy ear,
Shortly to judgment we must all appear.

10 JUL 17

F. I. N. I. S.

